AN

CVIII. YEARS

OF THE

L I F E,

AND

A RELATION OF THE GALLANT EXPLOITS

OF THE OLD HIGHLANDER,

SERJEANT DONALD MACLEOD,

WHO RETURNED WOUNDED WITH THE

CORPS OF GENERAL WOLFE

FROM THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC,

WAS SHIPWRECKED ON THE COAST OF SCARBOROUGH, AND IS NOW A PENSIONER OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

These Memoirs recount the birth and education of their aged hero—Cuſtoms in Scotland of that time.—He is bound apprentice to a ſtone-cutter at Inverneſs in his thirteenth year—Ill-uſage determines him to abſcond from his maſter.—Singular adventures in his ramble from Inverneſs to Perth.—Enliſts at Perth in the Royal Scots Volunteers, commanded by the Earl of Orkney—In 1703, is embarked at Berwick for Flanders.—Particulars of ſeveral battles with the French—Saves his life by ſkill in the uſe of the broad-ſword—Fights ſeveral duels with French officers.—In 1714 arrives in Ireland, and in 1715 ſent to the Rebellion in Scotland—Miraculous eſcapes and curious particulars of that event.—Employed in teaching the uſe of the broad-ſword in the Highlands.—Account of the daring robbers in Scotland at that time.—Of the apprehenſion of ſeveral of the moſt notorious by our hero.—Again ſails for Flanders.—Engaged in the battle of Fontenoy—Recalled to Scotland with the Duke of Cumberland in 1745—Accounts of the progreſs of the Rebels.—Eſcapes without a wound.—In 1757, is ſent to North America.—Becomes acquinted with General Wolfe.—Engaged at the battle of Quebeck—General Wolfe falls.—Aſſiſts in carrying of the body of the General.—Our hero accompanies the corpſe to England in November 1759, on board the Royal William.—Public ſorrow for the loſs of Gen. Wolfe.—Our hero admitted an Out-Penſioner of Chelſea-Hoſpital in his ſeventieth year.—Soon after married in Scotland.—Embarks again for the Continent and returns wounded—Is employed afterwards in a lead manufacture at Chelſea.—War with America in 1774—Embarks on board the Dutcheſs of Hambleton frigate for New York.—Offers himſelf a volunteer to Sir Hen. Clinton.—The General ſtruck with the ſpirit of the old man.—Is ſent again to England—Is ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Scarborough—Arrives at Inverneſs.—Delay in receiving his penſion.—Travels to London.—Is preſented to the King.—His Majeſty's kindneſs to the old Veteran.—Retires to Chelſea Hoſpital,—Attains his hundred and eighth year.—Reflections.

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SERJEANT DONALD MACLEOD.

DONALD MACLEOD, a cadet of the family of Uliniſh in the Iſle of Skye, from the time of his enliſting in the Scottiſh army, in the reign of King William, to his laſt campaign with Sir Henry Clinton in America, ſent hundreds of heroes to their long homes: but, in return, he raiſed up from his own loins a numerous race of brave warriors, the eldeſt of whom is now eighty-three years old, and the youngeſt only nine. Nor, in all probability, would this lad cloſe the rear of his immediate progeny, if his preſent wife, the boy's mother, had not now attained to the forty and ninth year of her age.

It was formerly cuſtomary in Scotland, as well as other countries in Europe, for gentlemen of landed property to make proviſion for their ſons by ſettling them, in ſome character and ſituation or other, on their own eſtates; ſo that the ſame tracts, and even diſtricts of land, came, in the natural courſe of things, to be occupied by people of the ſame name and kindred, who lived together like one great family, drawn together by mutual ſympathy, and often more ſtrongly united by antipathy to ſome common enemy. Sometimes an eſtate was parcelled out among ſeveral brothers, whether in equal or unequal diviſions; ſometimes large and advantageous farms were let to the younger ſons, who, at an eaſy rent paid to the elder branch and repreſentative of the family, enjoyed their poſſeſſions under the name of tackſmen: and theſe poſſeſſions, ſubdivided and ſub-let to inferior tenants, paſſed by a kind of hereditary right, which it would have been deemed a ſpecies of impiety to violate, in the families of the original tackſmen, from generation to generation. As the tackſmen were often the immediate deſcendents of the independent baron or tenant of the Crown, ſo alſo the ſubtenants were, for the moſt part, connected by ties of blood with the tackſmen. All the capital and moſt of the ſecondary poſſeſſions, and all the offices or places in the eſtate, from the factor or land-ſteward, down to the ground-officer and game-keeper, were in the hands of men who boaſted of the ſame name and the ſame deſcent with the chief. Such, in general, was the ſtate of ſociety, and ſuch the mode in which landed eſtates were parcelled out, under the ſeigneur, in feudal and warlike times; when men of family had not the ſame reſources in manufactures and trade that they have now; and which, if they had enjoyed, they would have deſpiſed.

Let it not therefore ſeem any ways incredible, to thoſe who are educated in a commercial age, that Serjeant Donald Macleod, the ſubject of this Narrative, is the ſon of John Macleod the ſon of Roderic Macleod, Eſq; of Uliniſh, by his wife Margaret Macleod, daughter to Macleod of Taliſkar, in the pariſh of Bracadill in Skye, and county of Inverneſs, North Britain.

Sir Roderic Macdonald of the Iſle of Skye, anceſtor to the preſent Attorney-General, and Roderic Macleod of Uliniſh, couſins in the ſecond degree, ſent their children Iſabella Macdonald and John Macleod, to be educated in Inverneſs. In former times, more ſimple than the preſent, it was common for boys and girls, of the beſt families, to be brought up together in the ſame ſchools, as it is among common people, in common ſchools in Scotland, even at this day. Iſabella Macdonald, accordingly, and John Macleod had been brought up together, in a familiar manner, at the public ſchool of Inverneſs, for ſeveral years, when they acknowledged the mutual influence of love. Iſabella was in the fourteenth year of her age, when John, in his ſixteenth year, ran away with her from ſchool, and married her. The firſt fruit of this union was our hero, Donald, who was born at Uliniſhmore on the 20th of June 1687, as appears from the pariſh regiſter of Bracadill already mentioned

Sir Roderic Macdonald, informed of the early and unfortunate marriage of his daughter, baniſhed her, together with her young huſband, from his pre-

ſence, and vowed revenge againſt Roderic Macleod of Uliniſh, John's father to whoſe privity and contrivance, in the firſt tranſports of his paſſion, he attributed all that had happened. But, in the lapſe of time, his anger abated, and, on the pregnancy of his daughter, when her time drew nigh, he agreed to meet the laird of Uliniſh on peaceable and friendly terms, for the purpoſe of providing an eſtabliſhment of ſome kind for the very young couple, that were the natural objects of their common concern.

At an interview between thoſe gentlemen it was ſettled, that John Macleod ſhould be put in the excluſive poſſeſſion and right of the village and farm of Uliniſhmore, by his father; and that another farm, of about equal value, ſhould be added to this by the father of the young lady, Sir Roderic Macdonald. On this ground, contributed from different eſtates, the father and mother of our hero were ſettled, and lived in perfect comfort for ſix years, at Uliniſhmore; where, beſides their firſt-born, who ſaw light, as already mentioned, in the year of the Revolution, they were comforted by the birth of another ſon in 1690, named Alexander; that of a third in 1692, named Roderic; and that of a daughter, Agnes, in 1694.—But this ſtate of domeſtic innocence and felicity was ſoon converted, on the part of the fond huſband and parent, into a life of great diſquietude and danger to himſelf, as well as neglect and unnaturality to his offſpring, by the death of his wife, who never recovered after bearing Agnes; for that melancholy event drove him to a courſe of diſſipation, which terminated in a military life, and in the alienation of all his paternal inheritance from his family.

Being a man of high ſpirit and ſenſibility, and at no time reſtrained by the ſtricteſt laws of moderation, he gave a looſe rein, after the loſs of his wife, to unruly paſſions; and, while he waſted his ſubſtance by gaming and various kinds of expenſive exceſs, he incurred general diſpleaſure and diſlike by challenging, in his cups, even his beſt neighbours and friends to fight him with the broad ſword, at which he was eſteemed uncommonly expert and dextrous.

But all the power of extreme diſſipation was not able to efface, from his mind and heart, the image of his dear and almoſt infant partner. The whole ſcenery around, every object, recalled to his imagination that beloved image, together with tender regret and ſorrow, that ſhe whom it vainly repreſented was now no more! A year had not elapſed, from the death of his wife, when he mortgaged the land that had been made over to him, for ſeven years, for a ſum of money; left a country, the ſight of which was become painful to him; went to ſea; and, after various viciſſitudes of fortune, became a Lieutenant of Marines in the Chatham Diviſion.

By the time that the term of years for which he had granted the poſſeſſion of his land had expired, he came home, ſold it, returned to ſea, and purſued his fortune. He roſe in the naval ſervice to the rank of Captain of Marines, in a ſhip of war, and fell at Belle-Iſle, in the year 1761.

Captain Macleod, when he went to ſea, left his children, four in number, in the care of their grand-father, Roderic Macleod of Uliniſh; who was not able to do much for them, as he had a family of his own by a ſecond wife, young, numerous, and yearly increaſing. His children and grand-children amounted to the number of twenty-three, who lived all together at Uliniſhmore; the youngeſt part going every day a ſpace of about four miles, even amidſt the ſevereſt winter ſtorms, to the pariſh ſchool of Bracadill. Sometimes Donald was obliged to carry his little brother Alexander, ſcarcely five years old, on his back. At the ſchool of Bracadill, Donald learned to read Engliſh, and to write; though his fingers have now become ſo ſtiff, through age, that it is with difficulty he can ſign his own name. It would coſt him greater exertion to write one page than to walk an hundred miles, or to go through a trial at the broad-ſword.

The regimen and manner in which he, with his little brothers and uncles, ſome of whom were younger than either he or any of his brothers, were brought up, was as follows. They were clothed with a woollen ſhirt, a kilt, or ſhort

petticoat, and a ſhort coat, or rather a waiſtcoat with ſleeves, reaching down and buttoned at the wriſt. This was the whole of their clothing. No hats, nor bonnets, no ſtockings, nor yet ſhoes, either in ſummer or winter! in ſun-ſhine, rain, froſt, or ſnow! If the elder boys had one pair of brogues, or coarſe ſhoes, formed rudely by leathern thongs out of raw and undreſſed hides, it was rather for ornament than uſe; for particular ſolemnities than for conſtant wear. For the moſt part, their heads, necks, legs and feet were quite bare. It was only when the youth approached to manhood, and became, as we would ſay, beaus, that they were indulged with either ſhoes or bonnets. How, thus ſlightly attired, they could endure the rigour of an hyperboreal winter, appears to be aſtoniſhing and ſcarcely credible. But mark what I am going to relate. In the mornings, the moment they came out of bed, they waſhed themſelves all over in large tubs of cold water, which ſeaſoned them to the weather, whatever it was, and gave them the temperature of the day. In the evening again, they waſhed with cold water before their going to bed. This ſecond ablution was neceſſary to clear away the dirt occaſioned by going without ſhoes and ſtockings. The application of water was the more neceſſary, that the uſe of linen was then but little known, or in faſhion. But, whatever were the circumſtances and views that determined the Highlanders, in training up their children, to make free and frequent uſe of the cold-bath, certain it is that they did make ſuch uſe of it. It is affirmed by many writers, and, indeed, on grounds almoſt certain, that not only the Lowland Scots, but even many of the Highland tribes, as the Campbells, Macleods, Macphersons, &c. are not of Celtic, but of Scandinavian, that is, of Scythian or Tartarian origin. Now, it is well known, that the Tartarian tribes, the ſame people with the ancient Scythians, are in the conſtant uſe of dipping their children in cold water, into which they put as much ſalt as they can ſpare. By this means they think their conſtitutions are invigorated, and prepared to encounter all inequalities and rigours of climate.

With regard to the food with which our young hero was nouriſhed, it conſiſted, for the moſt part, nay almoſt ſolely, in meal, or flour of oats and barley boiled up into gruel or porridge, or formed into cakes, with milk; and fiſh, which are caught on the weſtern ſhores of Scotland in extreme abundance. As to fleſh-meat, it ſeldom or ever came within his reach; for, though the Iſle of Skye ſends thouſands of ſmall bullocks annually to the Engliſh market; this very circumſtance, this very abundance in cattle, induces the poor natives to huſband well this article, as the only fund for raiſing a little money. Without corn ſufficient for themſelves, without mines, and without manufactures, the exportation of cattle is their only article of commerce. Herrings, whitings, cod, ling, &c. &c. croud upon their ſhores; but they want ſalt, they want capitals, they want the foſtering breath of rich individuals as well as that of government, to ſwell their ſails, and ſpread their veſſels over the ſurrounding ſeas.

What a pity that four millions ſterling ſhould have been expended for liberty to fiſh on the other ſide of the globe for ſtinking whales, when even a ſmall part of that ſum judiciouſly laid out on ſome ſuch practical and eaſy plan as that recommended by Captain Newte, in his late tour in England and Scotland, would have nouriſhed a flouriſhing fiſhery at home, furniſhed the tables of both rich and poor with ſuch a variety of fiſhes, good for food, and pleaſant to the eye, and which would tend, in more ways than one, to the increaſe of population? If tempeſts and furious ſtorms drive our ſeamen within thirty miles of the Spaniſh ſhores, they have nothing to expect but barbarity from a proud and bigotted people, whoſe jealouſy of our encroachments will now, after the late convention, be greater, and their inſolence more intolerable than ever. If the winds and waves toſs them on the Caledonian coaſt, every ſkiff is fitted out, every arm extended for their relief and comfort! But, not to digreſs too far from our ſubject:

When Donald Macleod was no more than nine years of age he was ſent to Inverneſs, and bound apprentice to Walter and John Watſons, alias Macpher-

ſons, maſons and ſtone-cutters. On this occaſion he was honoured with a pair of brogues and a bonnet. The apprentice-fee paid to the Macphersons, who were eſteemed excellent in their profeſſion, was 50l. Scotch; that is, 4l. 3s. 4d. ſterling. He was bound for ſeven years. His own family was to furniſh him clothes: the Macphersons with bed and board in their own houſe. He was an apt and diligent apprentice, learned his trade with great facility, and pleaſed his maſters well. Both here, and when he was at the ſchool of Bracadill, his ſpare hours, like thoſe of other boys, were wholly employed in training up himſelf, by cudgel-playing, to the uſe and management of the broad-ſword and target.

The only article of food that he had, either here or in his grand-father's houſe, in abundance, was milk and fiſh. Bread was dealt out with a very ſparing hand; the porridge, or other water-gruel, was greatly too thin; and as to the ſoup-meagre, made of oatmeal and a ſmall handful of greens, (which, with a little barley-bread, was his moſt common dinner), it did not deſerve the name of ſoup, or broth, ſo much as that of water tinged with thoſe ingredients. With regard to fiſh, although even the common people were, on many occaſions, plentifully ſupplied with this delicate food, it was neither found palatable for any great length of time, nor yet nutricious, unleſs duly ſeaſoned with ſalt, and mixed, in uſing it, with ſomething of the mealy or farinaceous kind; articles of proviſion in which the northern counties of Scotland were, at that time, miſerably deficient. So that, on the whole, our hero confeſſes, that he very ſeldom had a full and ſatisfactory meal; or roſe from table without a degree of appetite—if he ſheathed his ſword, it was for lack of argument. He is convinced that, by this penury of living, his ſtomach was contracted, at leaſt not dilated to the uſual ſize of men's brought up in the midſt of plenty. For at no period of his life did he ever deſire or uſe near ſo much food, of any kind, as the bulk of thoſe around him in any country. At this moment he eats ſparingly, and next to nothing at all, tho' he takes a chearful and even plentiful glaſs without the ſmalleſt inconveniency. A gentleman juſt turned of forty, after drinking a hearty glaſs with Macleod to an hour much later than uſual, and who felt the effects thereof next morning, was happy to be called up from bed, in London, by the arrival of Mr. Macleod, in good ſpirits and health, from Chelſea.

While Macleod remained in his grandfather's family in the Iſle of Skye, ſcantineſs of more ſolid proviſion was, in ſome meaſure, compenſated by liberal ſupplies of milk: and, now and then, on holidays, they were treated with an egg. But, with the ſtone-cutters he found not one egg, and of milk very little. He felt the pinching pain of want. His ſituation became inſupportable. Extreme hunger induced him to harbour thoughts of breaking looſe from his maſter, and try to ſatisfy the cravings of nature in ſome other part of the kingdom.

If all this preſſure of hunger and want ſhould appear extraordinary, the ſurprize of the reader will wholly vaniſh, when he recollects, that the firſt years of Macleod's apprenticeſhip fell within the period of that deplorable famine which afflicted Scotland, not yet taught to provide againſt ſcarcity of grain by means of navigation, for the laſt ſeven years of the ſeventeenth century, which was long remembered under the name of the *dear years*; and of which tradition has yet preſerved in the minds of men a melancholy recollection. It was this dreadful famine that occaſioned the noted propoſal of Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun, to redeem the begging poor of his country from the fangs of want, by binding them in the chains of ſlavery. This idea appears ſhocking to a modern ear. Mr. Fletcher's mind was tutored in the Grecian and Roman School; nor was it much more than a hundred years ſince the Parliament of Scotland had paſſed an act, by which the children of beggars ſhould be taken away from their unhappy parents, and be brought up in ſlavery for a certain term of years. And it was a hundred preciſely ſince the Scottiſh Parliament, in 1597, extended that limited term to life. Mr. Fletcher tells us, that, in the year 1698, there were, beſides a great many poor families pining in ſecret want, others very meanly provided for out of the church boxes, and others who had fallen into various diſeaſes by

living on bad food;—that there were, beſides all theſe, two hundred thouſand people, in Scotland, begging their bread from door to door.

Such, then, were the hard circumſtances and times in which Donald Macleod was brought up, from the fifth year of his age nearly to the twelfth.

Towards Chriſtmas, in the year 1699, in the midſt of froſt and ſnow, with his indenture, which he had contrived to get into his hands, and one linen ſhirt in his pocket, our young adventurer, before it was yet day, ſet out from his maſter's houſe at Inverneſs, ſecretly, without any other deſtination than that of wandering with his face ſouthward. His brogues and his ſtockings ſoon gave way, and he was reduced to the neceſſity of encountering the icy and rugged paths through which he paſſed with his legs and feet quite bare. This circumſtance, however, was not half ſo afflicting to little Donald, as the conſtant apprehenſion leſt he ſhould be purſued and overtaken by the Macphersons, his maſters, and forcibly taken back to fulfil the time of his apprenticeſhip. He, therefore, as much as poſſible, avoided the highway, and ſtruck, at every turn, into the narrow defiles, and bye-paths, that led through the mountains. Mr. Burke thinks that nothing, no, not liberty itſelf, is abſolutely or abſtractedly good: that things are only deſireable and good relatively; and that all their comfort depends on circumſtances. But Donald Macleod was of a different opinion: for, even in the midſt of ſnowy hills, and dreary, frozen waſtes, he exulted in his freedom, in the conſciouſneſs of being uncontrolled, and his own maſter. Liberty appeared to Donald to be good, abſtractedly and in itſelf; for, though it did not immediately remove the evil, of which he had ſo much reaſon to complain in a ſtate of ſervitude, it excited courage, and nouriſhed hope: it gave full ſcope to fancy and contrivance, and alleviated the weight of what he now ſuffered, by the proſpect of what he might yet enjoy. His feelings were in exact uniſon with thoſe of another adventurer, on a Tour into the Interior Parts of Africa.

"I now exulted," ſays the traveller, "in my emancipation, (from his "maſters,) and felt an extaſy of joy in the mere poſſeſſion of life and liberty, "though I knew not how to ſuſtain the one, or ſecure the other. Nor was I "plunged into deſpair when this tranſport began to ſubſide. If I ſhould ſub-"ſiſt on the reptiles of the earth, and roots, and herbs, and ſeeds, and to what-"ſoever I ſhould be drawn by the keenneſs of ſenſe, purified by want, and in-"vigorated by the breath of Heaven, I would eſteem myſelf happy in being "my own maſter."

Our young wanderer ſeldom went near any houſe in the day-time; but when night approached, he looked about for ſome hamlet, or village, where he might get a lodging, and ſomething to ſuſtain Nature. Though, in thoſe calamitous times, he met with frequent repulſes when he begged a bit of bread or a little meal, he was never refuſed a night's lodging by any one to whom he made application. "Woe is me!" people would ſay, "he is a comely boy His coat "and kilt too are of a finer plaid than uſual. He is ſurely ſome gentleman's "ſon.——"Perhaps," another would ſay, "he is ſome gentleman's baſtard." Some, in the morning, would give him a ſmall pittance of the little that they had for their own famiſhed children, and, with tears in their eyes, bid the Lord bleſs him and guide him. Others would earneſtly adviſe him to return home. To all their inquiries concerning his family, his name, and the place from whence he came, he gave evaſive anſwers, fearing nothing ſo much, as that he ſhould fall again into the hands of the Macphersons. Thoſe men were not harſh to him, though they confined him cloſely to his work; but he was abſolutely ſtarved, as they had not, in the midſt of prevailing famine, wherewithal to ſatisfy the wants of their family.

When he came (for he ſteered his courſe ſouthward by the highland, not by the coaſtroad) near to Aberfeldie, where there was a ferry, the bridge not being yet built, he fell in with an elderly woman, decently apparelled, and, in appearance, rather above the common rank. She put many queſtions, and at length offered to take him home with her to her own houſe. He aſked her what

ſhe would do with him. She ſaid, ſtroking his curling hair, "My pretty boy "I have loſt my only child, who, had he lived, would have juſt been about "your age, and I think not unlike you. I will take you along with me, and "you ſhall be my ſon." He was not inſenſible to this good woman's kindneſs; for, while ſhe ſhed tears for pity, he cried out of grateful affection. But ſtill he thought he was too near Inverneſs; too much expoſed to the inquiries of his late maſters. He, therefore, thanked the kind ſtranger for her offer, but poſitively refuſed to accept it. "Alas!" ſaid ſhe, "Where will you go? "Some heart, I fear, aches for you this day." So, finding him reſolute to purſue his journey, ſhe put a ſhilling in his hand, and a warm handkerchief about his neck, and committed him, with many prayers for his ſafety, to the care of Providence.

Turning eaſtward from Aberfeldie, he purſued his journey along the north ſide of the Tay till he came to Logierait, at the junction of the Tay and the Tumel. This laſt river, that he might not ſpend one farthing of his ſhilling by taking the ferry-boat, he boldly determined to ford, and actually did ford it, though the water was breaſt-high. But as he journeyed onward to Dunkeld, he was met by a well-dreſſed man on foot, with another man a little behind him who appeared to be his ſervant. The firſt of theſe, who was one of the gentlemen robbers ſo frequent in Scotland in thoſe days, ſtopped our young traveller, and after ſeveral queſtions, aſked him what he had in his pocket. Donald, trembling for his ſhilling, affirmed that he had nothing. But the application of a piſtol pointed to his breaſt, extorted his whole treaſure without delay. The unfeeling plunderer held on his way northward, and the hapleſs youth whom he had plundered proceeded on his journey, to which he knew not when or where there would be an end.

It was now in the duſk of the evening, and being overcome with fatigue, cold, and great ſorrow at the loſs of his ſhilling, he felt an irreſiſtible propenſity to go to ſleep. No houſe or hut was near in which he might obtain friendly ſhelter; but he eſpied a ſheep-cot as he advanced, in which he found a very warm and comfortable night's lodging, and a moſt profound and refreſhing repoſe, among the ſheep and the goats. The next morning diſcovered a village, not far diſtant, in which he was refreſhed with both oatmeal and milk: on the ſtrength of which repaſt he paſſed on to Dunkeld, croſſed the Tay, and, about two o'clock, arrived at the town of Perth.

Here he thought himſelf, at firſt, at a greater loſs, amidſt all the conveniencies and wealth of a very conſiderable town, than he had been while he wandered from mountain to mountain, and found, at long diſtances, the thinly ſcattered and humble abodes of the poor ſhepherds. Though gentlefolks, or thoſe who conſider themſelves as ſuch, would occaſionally give a bit of bread, he knew that they were very ſhy of affording quarters. He was, therefore, eagerly looking about for ſome mean houſe, where his application for a night's lodging might not give offence or meet with inſult, and where the poor inhabitant, taught ſympathy, perhaps, by ſuffering, might be diſpoſed to have compaſſion on the unfortunate; when he ſaw, in the ſtreet called the Skinner-Gate, occupied chiefly by people from the Highlands, a woman, in a ſmall ſhop with an earthen floor, ſpinning at a wheel, and watching a few articles which ſhe was ready to ſell.

Theſe circumſtances of poverty, together with a benignity of ſoul expreſſed in the countenance of the woman, encouraged him to apply and not in vain. The woman, whom he afterwards found to be a widow, received him into her little manſion, and treated him with the utmoſt kindneſs. To her queſtions reſpecting his ſituation, he anſwered, that he was a poor apprentice who had run away from his maſter. The woman, looking earneſtly in his face, with tears ſtarting into her eyes, ſaid, "He muſt be a bad man from whom you have run away." Donald replied, that his maſter was not indeed a cruel man, though neceſſity made all of them work, and with very little ſuſtenance, by night and by day. The tender-hearted woman loſt no time to give him a baſon of good broth with

a liberal ſupply of bread. This was the firſt plentiful meal that he ever had received, to the beſt of his remembrance, in his life. He fell immediately to ſleep. He was put to bed, and ſlept till twelve o'clock at night, when he aroſe, and found his good hoſteſs, at that late hour, ſtill ſpinning.—"Well," ſaid ſhe, "my "pretty boy, will you have any thing to eat now?" For he had fallen aſleep after taking the broth, without taſting a bit of the meat that had been boiled in it. He did not deſire to eat any thing more than he had done, but begged leave to go again to bed.

Early in the morning the good woman had lighted her fire, and ſat down to ſpin, when her young gueſt aroſe, and, afraid of being too long troubleſome, offered to take his leave, with many thanks for her great kindneſs. "Woe is "me." ſaid ſhe, "you have neither ſhoes nor ſtockings!" With that ſhe brought forth, out of an old cheſt, a pair of ſhoes and ſtockings which belonged to one of her own children, that had been dead about ſix months, and while ſhe tried how they would fit her young gueſt, which they did pretty well, ſhed many tears. She now invited Donald to ſtop another night, and, in the mean time, converſed with him, in the Gaelic tongue, about the place and people he had left, and about his own family. Being now at a tolerable diſtance from Inverneſs, and pretty ſafe from the purſuit of the ſtone-cutters, he unboſomed himſelf to Mary Forbes, for that was his landlady's name, with great freedom.—"Oh!" ſaid he, "is there any body in this place, do you think, that would "keep me?" "I don't know," Mary replied, "but there is. Stay in the houſe, "and mind the little things at the door till I come back." Having ſaid this ſhe went out, and ſoon returned with a young man, of very genteel appearance, who kept a ſhop in Perth near the ſouth end of the Water-Gate. He was a Strathern man; his name James Macdonald. Mr. Macdonald being ſatisfied that the boy could both read and write, and that he had a pure as well as a fair ſkin, (for, in thoſe ſad times, cutaneous diſorders were almoſt univerſal), took him immediately to his houſe, and let him ſleep in the ſame bed with himſelf; for he had but two in the houſe, in one of which lay his mother and a ſervant girl. When Donald left Mary Forbes he promiſed to ſee her often; and he kept his word.

Mr. Macdonald, as he walked homeward to his own houſe, ſaid to his little ſervant, "I had once a boy, older than you; and, after I had been very good "to him he ran away with all the money that he could find in the ſhop." "He "muſt have been a very bad boy," Donald replied; "but I will ſooner die than "behave in ſuch a manner."—"I could ſwear, ſaid Mr. Macdonald, that you "would."

The good old gentlewoman, Mr. Macdonald's mother, at her ſon's requeſt, furniſhed his little man with ſtockings and ſhirts. He was alſo equipped with a new coat and a bonnet. He might have had breeches too, according to the lowland faſhion, but he preferred the philebeg, and his maſter indulged him in his choice. He gave perfect ſatisfaction to his maſter in every thing, and particularly in the buſineſs of going on errands, which he did with aſtoniſhing expedition. At that time there was not any general poſt in Scotland; and therefore the intercourſe between merchants was carried on by ſpecial meſſengers. Mr. Macdonald put ſuch confidence in his young footman as to ſend him to Edinburgh, with ſixty-nine pounds in gold, ſewed up, by Donald's advice, in his clothes. The diſtance from Perth to Edinburgh, by the neareſt road, is twenty-eight Scotch, or forty Engliſh miles. Our young courier, with bread and cheeſe, and two ſhillings in his pocket, ſet out from Perth at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Kinghorn at ſix in the evening, when he luckily found a boat, that, in a little more than an hour, carried him over the Frith or Forth to Leith; from whence he ran to Edinburgh in half an hour, delivered his money ſafely, received a proper receipt, with a ſhilling to himſelf from the ſhop-keepers to whom the money, in different portions, was conſigned, ſlept all night at a Stabler's, in the Canongate, recroſſed the Frith next morning, and, towards the evening, returned to Perth. The old woman, Mrs. Macdonald, who was ſitting in the kitchen, exclaimed, "O Donald! what has

"happened? what has brought you back!" But, by this time, he had given his maſter the acknowledgment he had received of the ſafe deliverance of the money.

At this time there was a recruiting party in Perth, beating up for volunteers to ſerve his Majeſty King William III. in the regiment of the Royal Scots, commanded by the Earl of Orkney. They wore ſteel caps, and were armed with bows and arrows, and ſwords and targets. Donald Macleod, ſtruck with the martial ſight and ſound of this little band, felt his heart beat time to the trumpet and drum; and, forgetting his ſtature and years, not yet thirteen, went up and offered his ſervices to the ſerjeant. The ſerjeant, looking on him with a ſmile of complacency, ſaid, "Nay, my good lad, you are too ſmall: however, "as you ſeem a ſpirited and well-made youth, I will take you to the Captain." The Captain, whoſe name was Macdonald, ſtrongly prepoſſed with his appearance, enquired who he was, and whence he had come. He told this officer all the truth, and ſhewed him the indenture executed, on his account, between Roderic Macleod of Uliniſh, his grand-father, and the Macp'erſons, the Inverneſs maſons and ſtone-cutters. On this, the Captain recognizing him to be the deſcendant of a gentleman, and, as it ſeemed, his own relation, immediately enliſted him by giving him a ſhilling, in the King's name, of Engliſh money; and, at the ſame time, the promiſe of being ſoon promoted to the rank of a ſerjeant. He now took leave of his good friend Mary Forbes, and James Macdonald, an indulgent maſter, with ſome regret, and ſet out for Edinburgh with Captain Macdonald, who preſented him, in that city, to Lord Orkney, informing his Lordſhip, at the ſame time, of his family. In thoſe days it was not an uncommon thing for the younger ſons of gentlemen, and ſubſtantial farmers and manufacturers, to go into the army as volunteers, with the view of being ſoon made, at leaſt, non-commiſſioned officers. The army was not then, as it is now, the common receptacle of all that carry the name and appearance of men. The art was not then known, or profeſſed, of bending the greateſt blackguards and poltroons into brave men, by the power of diſcipline: Regard was had to morals, to perſonal courage and ſtrength, and to political and perſonal attachments.

The noble Earl of Orkney, highly applauded the martial ſpirit and appearance of his young volunteer; and ſoon after even truſted him ſo far as to ſend him, in the capacity of recruiting ſerjeant, with a conſiderable ſum of money, a party of thirty men, and a truſty corporal, into the ſhire of Inverneſs. A certain number of theſe remained with himſelf, where-ever he went. The reſt were ſent, in ſmall parties, under corporals, into different quarters.

The ſucceſs of our young recruiting officer was very uncommon. He returned to Edinburgh, after an abſence of only a few months in the county already mentioned, with a great number of recruits; and ſoon thereafter embarked with his regiment at Berwick, in 1703, for Flanders.

The French King, Lewis XIV. at this period aimed at nothing leſs than univerſal monarchy in Europe. The grand theatres of military action were thoſe regions that are watered by the great rivers, the Rhine and the Danube, both of them having their ſource in the neighbourhood of the lofty country of Switzerland; but the firſt, running from ſouth to north, and falling into the German Sea on the coaſts of the United Provinces; the ſecond flowing in a ſouth-eaſterly direction, and emptying itſelf in the Black Sea in the Turkiſh territories. The chief commanders in the French army were the Mareſchals de Villeroy, Tallard, and Villars; the moſt renowned among the Confederates, conſiſting of the Dutch, the Imperialiſts, and the Engliſh—Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the Duke of Marlborough. The French, in daily expectation of being joined by the Bavarian army, headed by the Elector, were employed in fortifying their camp near Donawert, on the Banks of the Danube. The Confederate army forced their entrenchment; in which the enemy loſt ſix thouſand men, beſides deſerters. In this battle, the firſt in which our hero Donald Macleod was engaged, he had his full ſhare: for, according to the beſt informed hiſtorians of thoſe times*,

* See Cunningham's Hiſtory of Great-Britain, vol. i. p. 379, Cunningham was travelling governor and tutor to John Duke of Argyle.

" The Earl of Orkney's and Lieutenant-general Ingoldſby's regiments, Major-
" general Wood's ſquadron, and the Lord John Hay's dragoons, purchaſed im-
" mortal glory in the victory of this day, with the loſs of many of their men."

The battle of Donawert, otherwiſe called the battle of Schellenberg, was followed, in Auguſt, 1704, by the celebrated action at Blenheim, in which, alſo, the Royal Scots were engaged. After the battle had gone ſore againſt the French, with their allies the Bavarians, and the Mareſchal de Tallard was taken priſoner, a ſtrong detachment of the former ſtill maintained their poſt in the village of Blenheim. The Duke of Marlborough ſent a meſſage to the commanders, adviſing them, from motives of humanity, voluntarily to ſurrender themſelves and their ſoldiers. The general officer made choice of for carrying this meſſage was the Earl of Orkney.

Serjeant Macleod continued to do his duty, with great applauſe, in Lord Orkney's regiment, when his lordſhip was ſent by the Duke of Marlborough, in his fourth campaign, to raiſe the ſiege of Liege; at the battle of Ramillies or Malplaquet; and all the time that his regiment ſerved in the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns in Germany and Flanders. Yet, in all this quick ſucceſſion of battles and ſieges, he had the good fortune to eſcape without a wound.

During the ceſſation of arms that preceded the peace of Utrecht, 1713, he was engaged in ſeveral private encounters. As he one day walked along the ramparts of the town in which his regiment lay, a French non-commiſſioned officer, who happened to paſs along underneath, uſed ſome taunting expreſſions, which provoked Macleod to retaliate, in a torrent of contempt poured forth in different languages, French, German, and Erſe, as each moſt readily preſented an emphatic term of abuſe. The Frenchman being almoſt as hot as the Highlander, a challenge was mutually given, and received. At the time and place appointed a duel was fought, with ſwords, in which the Frenchman fell, giving his antagoniſt his gold watch, and confeſſing, with his laſt breath, that what had happened was owing to his own wantonneſs.—After the peace was concluded, and the army was preparing to re-embark for Great-Britain, parties were ſent out in ſearch of deſerters. Serjeant Macleod was ſent with a party to the town of Breda. Whether there was any thing in the air and manner of the Serjeant, that was conſtrued by the French, whom he met with near that place, into ſtudied inſolence, or no, is not here affirmed: but certain it is, that a French officer came up to him, and ſaid, "I enliſted the two men
" whom you want, and (ſwearing by a great oath) I will keep them." A warm altercation enſued. Macleod challenged him to ſingle combat. The French lieutenant obtained leave from his ſuperior officer to fight with Macleod, though only a ſerjeant. The Frenchman fell in the duel; and the two men in queſtion were given up by the ſuperior officer on Macleod's paying the enliſting money, which amounted to fifteen ducats.—On another occaſion, and in another town, to the beſt of his remembrance Liſle, as he was walking with two ladies on the rampart, a German trooper, looking ſternly at our hero, ſaid, in German, "The Devil take the whole of ſuch dogs." "What is that you ſay?" —The German repeated it—Macleod immediately drew his ſword—the trooper ran off: but a German officer, who had come up to take his part, faced Macleod, and a ſharp conflict enſued. The officer had more courage and ſtrength, than ſkill, at the broad-ſword, and it would have been an eaſy thing for Macleod to have cut him him off; but he had no quarrel with the gentleman who had generouſly come up to the aſſiſtance of his countryman when his life was threatened. He, therefore, finding that he was fully maſter of his man, determined to proceed by degrees. He firſt cut off a part of the calf of his large and thick leg. The Captain ſtill perſevered in the combat—the Serjeant wounded him ſmartly in the ſword-arm.

He gave up the conteſt on this, and ſaid, "It is enough." The officer was aſſiſted to his quarters; and, wounded as he was, he inſiſted on Macleod's accompanying him home, and drinking with him; which they did very plentifully. They both cried, and kiſſed at parting.—Such is the nature of man,

divided by ſelfiſh and ſocial paſſions, according to various ſituations! Duelling, in thoſe days, was more frequent in the army than now, but leſs common among all ranks in civil life.

Lord Orkney's regiment, on the peace, was ſent to Ireland, in order to keep the country quiet, and to quell ſome riots and inſurrections. By this time Serjeant Macleod's name was highly diſtinguiſhed as a brave and expert ſwordſman. An Iriſh bully, called Maclean, while the Royal Scots lay in the barracks of Dublin, came to challenge him to fight with ſword and target. He was preſented, by a Lieutenant Maclean, his name's-ſake, a Scotchman, to Captain Macdonald, to whoſe company our hero, now in the very prime of life, his 26th year, belonged, as has been already mentioned. Lieutenant Maclean hoped that Captain Macdonald would not be offended if his name's-ſake, the ſwordſman, ſhould challenge Serjeant Macleod to the broad-ſword. The Captain gave his hearty concurrence, for he had the moſt perfect confidence in the agility, experience and addreſs of the Serjeant. The Bully went, in company with Lieutenant Maclean, to Donald Macleod. "I hear," ſaid he, "that you are a "good ſwordſman. Will you fight me for five guineas?" "As you are a "Maclean," Donald replied, "it ſhall not coſt you ſo much: I will, for the "Lieutenant's ſake, fight you for one guinea." They now ſhook hands, in token of mutual good-will: but Maclean gave ſuch a ſqueeze to Macleod's fingers as made him roar, to the great diverſion of Lieutenant Maclean and the Bully; who paid dear for this joke before they parted. Maclean had great muſcular ſtrength, and was, beſides, of gigantic ſtature. His hand, by frequent uſe, had acquired ſuch a power of ſqueezing, that it might be compared to a ſmith's vice! He now, before they ſhould proceed to the ſword, would lay a wager, he ſaid, that there was not a man in the company, nor in Dublin, that could turn his wriſt an inch, one way or the other, from the poſition in which he ſhould place it. There was a bet laid of two guineas. The Bully laid his right arm flat on the table: but Donald, by a ſudden jerk, turned his wriſt, and gained the wager. The champions now fell to ſwords, and Macleod cut off Maclean's right arm.

The Scots Royals had not been more than a year in Ireland, when they were called over to Scotland, by the Earl of Marr's rebellion, in 1715. They joined the main army, commanded by the Duke of Argyle, near the town of Stirling. Among the rebels, under the Earl of Marr, who lay at Perth, was a Captain Macdonald, a highland robber of Croydart. This man drew near to the Duke of Argyle's camp, with a trumpet from the Earl of Marr, defying the whole army to ſingle combat. Lord Marr was willing to inſpirit his undiſciplined troops by his braggadocio. The Duke of Argyle, who was an excellent ſwordſman himſelf, and kept a band of excellent ſwordſmen always about him, did not deſpiſe and neglect this challenge, as he might have done, but gave permiſſion to Serjeant Donald Macleod, who was pointed out to his Grace, on this occaſion, as the fitteſt antagoniſt to the rebel champion, to meet him. They met accordingly, without ſeconds, unaccompanied, and all alone, at a place appointed, nearly midway between the two armies. Macdonald pulled out a large canteen, filled with whiſkey; and, before he ſhould begin his attack on our hero, Donald, offered to drink with him. "No, the devil a drop," ſaid Donald, and calmly ſtood on his defence. Macdonald began; aſſailing Macleod with great fury, but with little ſkill. The Serjeant did not think that his life, or limb, was any object: he cut off his purſe, and immediately demanded a parley.—"I have cut "off your purſe," ſaid he, "is there any thing more I muſt cut off before you "give up?" Macdonald acknowledged himſelf inferior in proweſs to our Serjeant, and leaving his purſe, in token of his inferiority, went back, with a very bad grace, to Marr's camp. The Earl of Marr, on the next day, ſent ten guineas to Macleod: his own general, the Duke of Argyle, ſent for him and gave him as much.

The famous battle of the Sheriffmuir, near Dumblane, had laſted upwards of an hour, when a French officer, perceiving that our hero was making great ha

with his broad ſword, wherever he went, had the courage to oppoſe him; but, in a few minutes, his head was, by a touch of Macleod's hand, ſevered from his body. A horſeman, ſeeing this, ſprung forward on Donald like a tyger. A ſmall water-courſe was between them, with the aid of which Donald was able to make a ſtand. But the horſeman with his long ſword wounded him in the ſhoulder, and was preſſing him ſorely, when he leaped forward, acroſs the water-courſe, and plunged his ſword into the horſe's belly. The animal fell down, and his rider was immediately hewn in pieces by the enraged Serjeant, who, in the act of ſtabbing the horſe, had been cut in the head by the horſeman's ſabre, into the very brain. He bound his head faſt with a handkerchief, otherwiſe, as he ſays, he verily believes it would have fallen into pieces. The left wing of the enemy fled, and left the right wing of the King's army, in which Lord Orkney's regiment was poſted, in the field of battle. Our wounded Serjeant was carried from the Sheriffmuir to Stirling: and from thence, after ſome time, during which he was treated with all due care, he was moved, in a covered waggon, with other wounded men, under a guard of twenty-five men, commanded by Captain Abercrombie to Chelſea hoſpital; where the wound or fracture in his ſcull was repaired. A blueneſs, or lividity in the ſkin, marks the place in the forehead where the wound was inflicted. After he was completely cured, he was reclaimed by his Colonel, the Earl of Orkney, now appointed Governor of Edinburgh caſtle. He again, in conſequence of this, joined his regiment which, for many years, lay in Berwick, Newcaſtle, and other places on the Scotch and Engliſh borders.

About the year 1720, or ſoon after, our hero, as he returned from exerciſing ſome men on the common near Newcaſtle, heard a woman hawking about a paper through the ſtreets, which contained intelligence that there was a Highland regiment to be raiſed for the ſervice of Government. It appeared that a certain number of independent companies were to be formed, under different commanders, for the purpoſe of preventing robberies, enforcing the law, and keeping the peace of the country; which, it was underſtood, they were not to leave, but to ſerve, within its bounds, in the nature and character of Fencibles. Serjeant Macleod, fond of the highland dreſs and muſic, and of the ſociety of his countrymen, conceived the deſign of quitting an old regiment, and the rank and pay of a Serjeant, in order to enter as a private in one of the new highland companies, headed by Lord Lovat. He went to Major William Scot, ſenior officer in Newcaſtle, and told him, that he had come to aſk a favour.—"You deſerve any favour, Macleod," ſaid the good old Major, "that I can "grant: but I firſt deſire the favour of you to take a dram." This requeſt being readily complied with by the Serjeant, he told the Major, that he wiſhed to have his diſcharge from the regiment. The Major was aſtoniſhed at his requeſt; and this the more, that he was in favour with Lord Orkney and all his officers, and that it was generally underſtood that he would be one day raiſed to the rank of a commiſſioned officer. His requeſt, however, was granted, on his paying fifteen guineas to the Major: which, it was underſtood, was to be expended, on finding a perſon properly qualified to act as a ſerjeant; for education to read and write, and caſt up accounts, was by no means ſo common in thoſe days as at preſent.

Away, then, Donald, having obtained his diſcharge, ſet out for Edinburgh, and went ſtraight to the Earl of Orkney. "How now, Macleod? How do ye do? "Is all the regiment well?"—"Yes, pleaſe your Lordſhip, but I have left the regiment:" ſhewing, at the ſame time, his diſcharge.——"Who dares," ſaid Lord Orkney, with an oath, "to give a diſcharge to any man in my regiment, "without conſulting me?" Macleod related his tranſaction with old Major Scot. Lord Orkney was pacified, being a very good-natured, though haſty man, and called upon Simon Black, his ſervant, to know how much pay was owing to Serjeant Macleod. Simon, having conſulted his books, reported that 20l. was due. "D—n my b——," ſaid Lord Orkney, "Macleod, I am not able "to pay you."——"Never mind, my Lord," Macleod replied, who well knew

that he was generally poor, "I will wait, when it may be convenient, on your "Lordſhip's mother, the Counteſs Dowager of Orkney, as I have done before." With this he took his leave of Lord Orkney, who ſhook him kindly by the hand, and told him he was a damned fool for leaving the regiment. He went to the Counteſs, who had often ſtood paſt-maſter for her ſon; and ſhe readily paid, and took his receipt for all his demand.

Our late Serjeant in Captain Macdonald's company, in the Scots Royals, was now all impatience to reviſit the environs of Inverneſs, from which, about twelve years ago he had fled, and to offer his ſervices to Lord Lovat, who had married a daughter of Macleod of Dunvegan, the chief of his clan. At three o'clock, on a ſummer's morning, he ſet out, on foot, from Edinburgh, and, about the ſame hour, on the ſecond day thereafter, he ſtood on the green of Caſtle Downie, Lord Lovat's reſidence, about five or ſix miles beyond Inverneſs; having performed, in 48 hours, a journey of an hundred miles and upwards, and the greater part of it through a mountainous country. His ſuſtenance on this march was bread and cheeſe, with an onion, all which he carried in his pocket, and a dram of whiſkey at each of the great ſtages on the road, as Falkland, the halfway houſe between Edinburgh, by the way of Kinghorn, and Perth; the town of Perth, (where he did not fail to call on Mary Forbes, to whom he made a preſent, and his former maſter James Macdonald); Dunkeld, Blair, Dalwhinnie, Ruthven of Badenoch, Avemore in Strathſpey, and, perhaps, one or two other places. It is to be underſtood, that what is here called a dram of whiſkey was juſt half a pint: which, it may be farther mentioned, he took pure and unmixed. He never went to bed during the whole journey; though he ſlept, once or twice, for an hour or two together, in the open air, on the road ſide.

By the time he arrived at Lord Lovat's park the ſun had riſen upwards of an hour, and ſhone pleaſantly, according to the remark of our hero, well pleaſed to find himſelf in this ſpot, on the walls of Caſtle Downie, and thoſe of the ancient Abbey of Beaulieu in the near neighbourhood. Between the hours of five and ſix Lord Lovat appeared, walking about in his hall, in a morning dreſs; and at the ſame time a ſervant flung open the great folding doors, and all the outer doors and windows of the houſe. It is about this time that many of the great families in London, of the preſent day, go to bed.

As Macleod walked up and down on the lawn before the houſe, he was ſoon obſerved by Lord Lovat, who immediately went out, and, bowing to the Serjeant with great courteſy, invited him to come in. Lovat was a fine looking tall man, and had ſomething very inſinuating in his manners and addreſs. He lived in all the fulneſs and dignity of the ancient hoſpitality, being more ſolicitous, according to the genius of feudal times, to retain and multiply adherents than to accumulate wealth by the improvement of his eſtate. As ſcarcely any fortune, and certainly not his fortune, was adequate to the extent of his views, he was obliged to regulate his unbounded hoſpitality by rules of prudent œconomy. As his ſpacious hall was crouded by kindred viſitors, neighbours, vaſſals, and tenants of all ranks, the table, that extended from one end of it nearly to the other, was covered, at different places, with different kinds of meat and drink; though of each kind there was always great abundance. At the head of the table, the lords and lairds pledged his lordſhip in claret, and ſometimes champagne; the tackſmen, or duniwaſſals, drank port or whiſkey punch; tenants, or common huſbandmen, refreſhed themſelves with ſtrong beer: and below the utmoſt extent of the table, at the door, and ſometimes without the door of the hall, you might ſee a multitude of Frazers, without ſhoes or bonnets, regaling themſelves with bread and onions, with a little cheeſe perhaps, and ſmall beer. Yet, amidſt the whole of this ariſtocratical inequality, Lord Lovat had the addreſs to keep all his gueſts in perfectly good humour. Couſin, he would ſay to ſuch and ſuch a tackſman, or duniwaſſal, I told my pantry lads to hand you ſome claret, but they tell me ye like port and punch beſt. In like manner, to the beer-drinkers, he would ſay, Gentlemen, there is what ye pleaſe at your ſervice: but I ſend you ale, becauſe I underſtand ye like ale beſt. Every body

was thus well pleaſed; and none were ſo ill-bred as to gainſay what had been reported to his lordſhip.

Donald Macleod made his compliments to Lovat in a military air and manner, which confirmed and heightened that prepoſſeſſion in his favour, which he had conceived from his appearance. "I know," ſaid he, "without your tel-"ling me, that you have come to enliſt in the Highland Watch. For a thou-"ſand ſuch men as you I would give my eſtate." Macleod acknowledged the juſtice of his lordſhip's preſentiment; and, at his requeſt, briefly related his pedigree and hiſtory. Lovat claſped him in his arms, and kiſſed him; and, holding him by the hand, led him into an adjoining bed-chamber, in which Lady Lovat, a daughter of the family of Macleod, lay. He ſaid to his Lady, "My "dear, here is a gentleman of your own name and blood, who has given up a "commiſſion in Lord Orkney's regiment, in order to ſerve under me." Lady Lovat raiſed herſelf in her bed, congratulated his lordſhip on ſo valuable an acquiſition, called for a bottle of brandy, and drank proſperity to Lord Lovat, the Highland Watch, and Donald Macleod. It is ſuperfluous to ſay, that in this toaſt, the lady was pledged by the gentlemen. Such were the cuſtoms and manners of the highlands of Scotland in thoſe times.

By the time they returned to the hall, they found the laird of Clanronald; who, having heard Macleod's hiſtory, ſaid, "Lovat, if you do not take care "of this man, you ought to be d——d." His lordſhip immediately beſtowed on him the ſame rank, with ſomewhat more pay, than he had received in the Royal Scots; and, after a few days, ſent him on the buſineſs of recruiting. Macleod, from the time that he went to the ſhires of Inverneſs and Roſs, to recruit for Lord Orkney, paſſed under the name of the man that was loſt and found.

The time that he ſerved in the Highland, now called the 42d regiment, ſo long as it was ſtationed in the mountains of Scotland, a period of about twenty years, was filled up in a manner very agreeable to the taſte of our hero: in training up new ſoldiers (for he was now employed in the lucrative department of a drill-ſerjeant); in the uſe of the broad-ſword, hunting after incorrigible robbers, ſhooting, hawking, fiſhing, drinking, dancing, and toying, as heroes of all times and countries are apt to do, with the young women. As ſpecimens of the life he led, in thoſe days, the following are ſelected from numberleſs ſcenes in which he was engaged of the ſame kind. James Roy Stewart, a gentleman, and a driver, or rather a ſtealer of cattle, in Strathſpey, had long laid the country, far and near, under heavy contributions of both horſe and cattle; and defied, wounded, and diſperſed the officers of juſtice: when Serjeant Macleod, with a party of 30 men, was ſent to ſurprize, if poſſible, and to ſecure him in his houſe, at Tulloch-Gorum. The ſerjeant came upon him ſuddenly, and early in the morning, while he was in bed. He left the men without, diſpoſed at ſmall diſtances from each other, around the houſe. He himſelf went boldly in, armed with a dirk, a ſword, and loaded piſtols. His wife, a very lady-like woman, was up and dreſſed, early as it was; for it was cuſtomary for ſome truſty perſon to keep watch, while the **red* robber ſlept. At the ſight of Macleod Mrs. Stewart was greatly diſcompoſed, for ſhe ſuſpected his errand; but ſhe endeavoured to diſſemble her tears, and to ſoothe her ſuſpicious gueſt by all the officiouſneſs of hoſpitality. "Madam," ſaid Macleod, "I am come to "ſpeak to James Roy. He is in the houſe, I know, and in bed." This he ſaid at a venture; for he was not ſure of it: but his firm and determined manner overcame the poor gentlewoman; ſo that ſhe aſſented to the truth of his information. Stewart Roy, on hearing what paſſed, jumped out of his bed, with his clothes on, in which he had lain, and, armed with a dirk and piſtols, he ſeemed deſirous at firſt of making towards the door; but Macleod ſeized the paſs, and the robber, diſſembling his intentions, aſſumed a courteous air, called for whiſkey and bread and cheeſe, and preſſed his uninvited gueſt to partake heartily of ſuch cheer as his houſe afforded. "I know," ſaid he, "you are not alone; for "no man ever durſt to come into my houſe alone, on ſuch an errand."

* So called from the colour of his hair.

The Serjeant, without acquieſcing in this laſt ſentiment, but, on the contrary, with an aſſeveration that he feared not the face of man or of devil, acknowledged that a company of men lay not far from them both at that moment. "Very "well," ſaid Stewart, but, I hope you are not in a hurry; ſit down, and let you "and I talk together, and take our breakfaſt." Macleod agreed to this, and a bottle of whiſkey, at leaſt, was exhauſted in good fellowſhip, before a word was ſaid of buſineſs on either ſide. At length, Macleod, after a ſhort pauſe in the converſation, ſaid, "Jamie, what did you with the thirty head of cattle you "drove away from the Laird of Glen Biſſet's, and the ſix ſcore, or thereabout, "that you took away from the lands of Strathdown?" It was in vain to deny the fact; Macleod had not come to try, but to ſecure, and produce him for trial. Stewart, therefore, waving all diſcuſſion of that point, ſaid, "Serjeant Macleod, "let me go for this time, and neither you nor the country will be troubled with "me any more."——"Jamie, I cannot let you go: you have ſlaſhed many "men, and ſtolen much horſe and cattle. How many ſtraths are afraid of you? "—Jamie, you muſt go with me."—"Serjeant Macleod, let me go for this "time, and I will give you a hundred guineas."——"It was not for guineas, "Jamie, that I came here this day; rather than be drawn off from the duty of "a ſoldier for a few guineas, I would go with you and ſteal cattle."

James Roy was now in great diſtreſs, and his poor wife, falling on the ground before Macleod, and embracing and holding faſt his knees, implored mercy to her huſband with ſhowers of tears and loud lamentations. The noble-minded Serjeant, moved with compaſſion, took the Lady by the hand, and comforted her with theſe words: "My dear, I will, for your ſake, and the ſake of theſe "innocent babes, let James Roy go, for this time, on condition that he will "deliver all the cattle that I have mentioned, to be given up to their right "owners." This condition was eagerly accepted, and Stewart, in the flow of gratitude and joy, would have given Macleod whatever ſhare or portion of the hundred guineas he had offered as his ranſom, that he pleaſed to accept: but the Serjeant generouſly declined to accept one ſingle ſhilling; and all that he required was refreſhment for his thirty men, which was afforded in great plenty. A great part of the day was ſpent in conviviality, and, in the evening, they were directed to the cattle, which they reſtored to their proprietors.

Very different from the conduct of our Donald, towards the notorious James Stewart Roy, was that of Serjeant Macdonald, not many years thereafter. It was known that two oxen, which were miſſing, had been taken by Stewart; and Serjeant Macdonald at his eſcape, by giving up all that he had in the world, which amounted to 245l. This ſum he kept in a ſtrong cheſt in his own houſe: for, in thoſe days, the Highlanders were unacquainted with Bills of Exchange, and there was no paper currency. Yet Macdonald, to whom James Roy weakly imagined he might now truſt his ſafety, in order, it was ſuppoſed, to conceal or diſcredit any report of his robbing the robber, had the treachery, a few weeks after, to draw the unfortunate Stewart into an ambuſcade, under the guiſe of friendſhip, and ſurrender him to juſtice. Stewart was hanged, together with one Macallum, at Perth. The ſame ardour of mind that diſtinguiſhed James Roy among all the cattle-drivers of his times appeared on his trial; and during the interval between his ſentence and its execution. His only hope had been, that he might, by cunning or by force, eſcape the hands of conſtables and ſoldiers. It never occurred to him to place any confidence in deficiency of evidence, or any chicanery of law. He made a free and full confeſſion of the life that he had led, and was anxious to vindicate the character of his poor wife and children, from all ſuſpicion of participation in his crimes. He declared that his wife had often forwarned him of the end to which his courſe led, and conjured him, with tears, to live at home, and be contented with the returns of his own farm. He had many accomplices among his neighbours and kindred; but no deluſive hints of a reprieve, not even the exhortations of the fanatical miniſters about Perth, renowned in all times for blind zeal and abſurdity, could perſuade him to give up one man, that had committed himſelf to his honour.

Eagerly acquiescing in the Antinomian doctrine of the Perth clergy, and others, who visited him from the country around, even from the noted Presbytery of Auchterarder, that the man who confesses his sins may be saved by faith, he worked himself up, by meditating on scriptural promises, to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that he believed himself to be quite sure of going immediately to heaven.

In contrast with the animated, and, in some respects, noble conduct of James Roy Stewart, appeared the brutal stupidity of Macallum. This wretch had for many years retired with his father from all human society, and lived in caves and dens, in the recesses of the Minegeg mountains; into which habitations he brought, like the Cyclops in Homer, sheep, goats, and even oxen. The party that discovered Macallum, found, in his den, a deep cavern in a mountain, the bones of the animals he had made his prey, piled up in heaps, or disposed in such a manner as to form, with hay laid over them, a kind of bed; the flesh of bullocks salted up in their skins; and large quantities of fire-wood for firing. In the interior part of the cavern lay the father of Macallum in his plaid, resting his head on a truss of hay, and groaning in the agonies of death. This miserable object they did not disturb, but left him to his fate. Young Macallum, in the form as well as the nature of a savage, for his hair and beard had extended themselves over his face so as to render it scarcely visible, was conducted to Perth, where he was condemned to die, for a series of thefts committed for more than twenty years. During the time of his trial, as well as after it, he shewed an astonishing indifference about his fate. He minded nothing but eating; and had a very constant craving for food, particularly animal food, which, had it been given, he would have devoured in immoderate quantities. When the ministers of Perth talked to him of the "Heavenly Manna, and the Bread of "Life"—"Give me meat," said Macallum, "in the mean time." Even on his way from his prison to the gallows, he called for some rolls and cold meat, that he recollected had been left in his cell. This beast, however, so inveterate and often ridiculous is the pride of Clanship, growled some expressions of discontent that Stewart was honoured with the right hand, as they were led forth to the place of execution.

After the melancholy fate of Stewart, his family were soon involved in so great distress, that they were obliged to throw themselves on the charity of the world. Now the treachery of Serjeant Macdonald, who, on pretence of saving the life of Stewart, had robbed his family of almost all that stood between them and ruin, was discovered, and excited universal indignation. He was given up by Sir Robert Munro, his Colonel, to a judicial trial; and, for that and other crimes of a similar nature, was hanged at Inverness.

Our worthy Serjeant Macleod, not long after his expedition to Tulloch-Gorum, was sent with a small party to catch James Robertson, a horse-stealer, in Athol. The serjeant, in his way, stopped and took a very liberal portion of whiskey at Aberfeldie; so that, when he went to Robertson's house, he was somewhat elevated with liquor. The horse-stealer was at no loss how to interpret the sudden appearance of a serjeant of the Black Watch. He, therefore, endeavoured to cajole him as much as possible into good humour, in order to protract time, and devise some means of escape.

This horse-stealer had four handsome daughters, with one of whom Donald fell greatly in love. "Jamie," said he, to her father, "I believe I must have "one of your lasses to-night." "Yes, my dear," said James, you are welcome "to make yourself agreeable to any of my girls that you chuse. Make up mat-"ters between yourselves, and your courting shall not be disturbed by Jamie "Robertson." After a great deal of amorous dalliance, our hero, without any further ceremoney, retired with his *Briseis*, and she became his wife.

In less than an hour, when Donald had forgotten every thing but the object of his love, behold three fine young fellows in the house, with rusty swords, ramping and raging like lions! One of them particularly, a very stout man, of the name of Meldrum, the lover of her whom Macleod had fancied, made a great noise, and vowed vengeance. The men who had accompanied the ser-

jeant, as he determined to pass the night in Robertson's, he had dismissed to a neighbouring village till next morning. There was nobody near to help him. But up jumped our hero from the fragrant heather-bed, grasped his sword, and laid about him so lustily, that the four suiters, who had been slily sent for by old Robertson, not unnaturally, were glad to consult their safety by flight. Robertson endeavoured to make Macleod believe that the young men had come to his house by accident; but the serjeant suspecting the truth, told him that he was a traitor, and swore that he would call his men, and, binding him fast, surrendered him to the officers of justice. But the sweet girl, whose charms had captivated our hero's heart, threw her arms around his neck, and with many kisses and tears implored lenity to her father. On this occasion Serjeant Macleod acted a very different part from that of Colonel Kirke*. Though he might have veiled severity to the father of the young woman, whom he had gained in so short a time, under the name of justice, and natural retaliation for intended assassination, he agreed to connive at Robertson's escape, on condition of his giving back the horses to those from whom he had stolen them.—As the British laws, made since the Union, had not yet free course in the Highlands, and depended, for their execution, on military aid, a great discretionary power, in all cases of this kind, was assumed and exercised by military officers of all ranks.

If it should be thought in any degree incredible, that the horse-stealer, Robertson, would so readily consent to the request of Macleod respecting his daughter, let it be recollected that the Highlanders of the lower ranks, agreeably to what is affirmed by the excellent historian Cunningham, make no great account of the possession of virginity; and that, in general, the northern nations are less scrupulous on the subject of chastity than those of warmer climates. Some of the northern nations of Asia carry their politeness so far as to offer their guests their wives and daughters; to refuse whom would be reckoned an insult.

Donald Macleod has nothing with which to upbraid himself on the score of Eliza Robertson. He cherished her as every good and tender husband ought to cherish his wife, till the hour of her death, which happened in child-bed: The boy of whom she was delivered is now a taylor, of the name of Robertson, in Edinburgh.

Towards the close of the year 1739, the independent companies of Highland Watch were encreased by four additional companies, and the whole formed into a regiment, being the 42d, under the command of their first colonel John Earl of Crawfurd. About a year thereafter they were marched to London; and previously to their going abroad, were reviewed before the King in St. James's Park. What happened on that occasion falls within the memory of many persons now living, and will be long remembered as an instance of that indignant spirit, which justice and broken faith inspire on the one hand, and of that gradual encroachment which executive and military power are prone to make on civil liberty on the other. Many Gentlemen's sons, and near relations, had entered, as private men, in the Highland Watch, under the engagement that they should never be called out of their own country. That promise, made long before, in times of peace, was forgotten amidst the present exigencies of unsuccessful war; and it was determined to send the Highland companies as a reinforcement to the army in Germany under the Duke of Cumberland. A spirit of resistance and revolt, proceeding from Corporal Macleane, pervaded the whole regiment. The whole of the Guards, and all the troops stationed about London, were sent for

* Amidst the executions that followed the defeat of Monmouth, in 1685, a young maid pleaded for the life of her brother, and flung herself at Kirke's feet, armed with all the charms which beauty and innocence, bathed in tears, could bestow upon her. The tyrant was enflamed with desire, not softened into love or clemency. He promised to grant her request, provided that she, in her turn, would be equally compliant to him The maid yielded to the conditions: but, after she had passed the night with him, the wanton savage, next morning, shewed her from the window her brother, the darling object for whom she had sacrificed her virtue, hanging on a gibbet, which he had secretly ordered there to be erected for the execution. Rage, despair, and indignation, took possession of her mind, and deprived her, for ever, of her senses.

to ſurround the Highlanders, quell what was now called a mutiny, and reduce them to obedience. A great deal of blood was ſhed, and lives loſt, on both ſides. The long ſwords of the horſe-guards were oppoſed to the broad-ſwords of the Highlanders in front, while one military corps after another was advancing on their flanks and rear.

Yet, in theſe circumſtances, a conſiderable party of them forced their way through the King's troops, and made good their retreat northwards, in their way home, as far as Yorkſhire, where, being overtaken by a body of horſemen, they took poſt in a wood, and capitulated on ſafe and honourable terms. But, in violation of the engagements come under, on that occaſion, to the Highlanders, three of them, among whom was the high-ſpirited Corporal Maclean, the the prime mover of the ſeceſſion, were ſhot; the reſt ſent to the plantations.

Though Serjeant Macleod was not of the number of the ſeceders, he was indignant at the uſage they had met with; and ſome of the horſe-guards, bore, for years, marks of his reſentment.—But the leſs that is ſaid on this ſubject the better. The Highland companies, or the 42d regiment, were now ſent over to the Low Countries, and to G many, where they were engaged in different battles, and particularly that of Fontenoy, in which Serjeant Macleod was not a little diſtinguiſhed. On the day before the main engagement there was ſome ſkirmiſhing; and the 42d regiment was ſent to ſtorm a ſix-gun battery. Led on by their Lieutenant-Colonel, Sir Robert Munro, they attacked the enemy in their entrenchments, and ſilenced the battery; but at a very great expence of men. They ſuffered much from the French fire, as they advanced to their works; but when the Highlanders threw themſelves in the midſt of them, flaſhing terror and death with their broad-ſwords, they were ſeized with terror, abandoned their works, and fled in great confuſion. Macleod, as they approached to the French lines received a muſket ball in his leg, yet he did not drop down, nor yet fall behind, but was among the firſt that entered the trenches: nor did he make this wound an excuſe for retiring to the hoſpital; but, on the contrary, he made as light of it as poſſible, and was in the heat of the engagement the next day, in which, ſo great was the carnage, that on either ſide there fell, as is computed, about twelve thouſand. The Highlanders, with an impetuoſity that could not be reſtrained, or guided by diſcipline, ruſhed forward, out of the line, and loſt more than two-thirds of their number; but not till they had committed ſtill greater ſlaughter, and revenged their ſufferings and loſs on the enemy. The battle, where the 42d regiment was ſtationed, was cloſe and hot, and individual was oppoſed to individual; or one, ſometimes, to two, and even a greater number of antagoniſts. Serjeant Macleod, with his own hand, killed a French Colonel, of the name of Montard; and, in the midſt of dangers and death, very deliberately ſerved himſelf eir to 175 ducats which he had in his pockets, and his gold watch. He had not well gone through this ceremony, when he was attacked by Captain James Ramievie, from Kilkenny, an officer in the French ſervice, whom he killed after an obſtinate and ſkilful conteſt. By this time the proweſs of our hero drew more and more attention, and he was ſet upon by three or four Frenchmen at the ſame time; and, in all probability he muſt have yielded to their ferocity and numbers, had not a gentleman of the name of Cameron, though of a humble ſtation only in the French ſervice, comes to his aid. This gentleman came ſeaſonably to his relief, and he came over with the Serjeant, whom he had ſaved, to the ſide of the Engliſh. His Scotch blood, he ſaid, warmed to his countryman in ſuch a ſituation, and he immediately took his part.

The rebellion, which broke out in Scotland in 1745, called over the Duke of Cumberland, with his army, to Britain. But, after what had happened on the occaſion above mentioned, in St. James's Park, it was not judged proper to march the 42d regiment, which had been re-inforced, after the battle of Fontenoy, by a number of recruits, into Scotland. When the Duke marched northwards, the Royal Highlanders were, therefore, left at Barnet; from whence they went to Coventry, where they lay a fortnight. From Coventry they

marched into Wales; from whence, after the rebellion was extinguiſhed, they went to Carliſle, and from thence to Ireland. They landed at Limerick in 1746, and marched from thence to Dublin. They were ſtationed, at different places in Ireland, for more than ten years; during which time they had frequent encounters with the Whiteboys, and Hearts of Steel, and other inſurgents; to all of whom the Highland impetuoſity and broad-ſwords were objects of great terror. Serjeant Macleod continued to be formidable to Iriſh bullies and braggers, and performed various exploits that fully ſupported the character he had acquired of being an excellent ſwordſman.

About the year 1757, after the 42d regiment was ordered to America, Serjeant Macleod was ſent over, on buſineſs of recruiting, to Glaſgow. At Belfaſt, where he halted with the party he commanded for a few days, he had an adventure, in the fighting way, with one Maclean a taylor, and a native of Inverneſs. This man, having heard of the proweſs of Donald, and particularly how he had, a great many years ago, maimed a Maclean, came to a reſolution, one day, when he was in his cups, of doing nothing leſs than challenging the Serjeant to ſingle combat with broad-ſwords. Macleod, perceiving that the man was fluſtered, and unwilling to take an unfair advantage, adviſed him to re-conſider the matter; telling him, that if he ſhould perſevere in his determination of fighting, he would meet him on the following day. But the more that the Serjeant was pacificially inclined, the more obſtreperous and inſolent was the taylor; ſo that an encounter at laſt became inevitable. They went with their ſeconds, to a field behind the garden, in the out-ſkirts of the town, and ſet to work immediately. The taylor, who was a well-made and a very nimble fellow, attacked his opponent with great alacrity, and not without a conſiderable degree of art; but he ſoon exhauſted his ſpirits and ſtrength, and was entirely at the mercy of the veteran, whom he had raſhly dared to provoke to an engagement. Donald firſt cut off one of his ears, and then another; yet the taylor, with a fooliſh obſtinacy, ſtill maintained the conflict, and ſwore that he would rather die on the ſpot, than yield to any Macleod in the Britiſh Iſles; ſo that the Serjeant, in ſelf-defence, would have been obliged, as he expreſſed it, to *lay open the Taylor's belly*, if he had not fortunately brought him to the ground, by cutting a ſinew of his hough.

Soon after the Highland regiments arrived in America, Macleod was drafted from the 42d into the 78th regiment, commanded by General Fraſer, to fill the honourable and advantageous ſtation of a drill-ſerjeant. In the courſe of the war in Canada, in 1758 and 1759, Macleod became perſonally known to General Wolfe, the poor man's friend, and the determined patron of merit in whatever ſtation he found it. The General, finding that our Serjeant, to courage, honour, and experience, added a tolerable knowledge of both the French and German languages, employed him on ſundry occaſions that required both addreſs and reſolution. He acquitted himſelf always to the General's ſatisfaction; which he expreſſed in handſome preſents, and in the moſt ſincere and cordial aſſurances of preferment. At the ſiege of Louiſbourg, with a handful of men, he ſurpriſed a ſmall party of French, ſtationed as an out-poſt, and cut them off without leaving a man to tell tidings. This action, which was volunteered by the Serjeant, facilitated the reduction of a poſt called the Light-Houſe Battery, from whence our fire was played with effect on the enemy's veſſels, and the batteries on the other ſide of the river. A few days after the ſiege of Louiſbourg was begun, a party of the beſieged had the courage to make a ſally on the aſſailants. They were led on with great firmneſs and intrepidity by Lieutenant Colonel O'Donnel, an Iriſhman in the French ſervice. This bold ſortie made an impreſſion that might have led to diſaſtrous conſequences, if it had not been counteracted and overcome by the ſpirit of the Royal Highlanders, a part of whom faced the Iriſh Brigade that had made the ſortie, while the reſt threw themſelves between them and the town, and cut off their retreat. O'Donnel, fighting valiantly, was ſlain, but did not fall till his body was pierced through with ſeveral bayonets. His men were all killed or taken priſoners, and brought within

the Britiſh lines. In this engagement Serjeant Macleod received a violent contuſion, by a muſket-ball, on the bone of his noſe, which was more painful, and is even now more ſenſibly felt than other wounds, where balls have pierced him through and through.

At the glorious battle of Quebec, Serjeant Macleod, amongſt the foremoſt of the grenadiers and Highlanders, who drove the ſhaking line of the enemy from poſt to poſt, and compleated their defeat, had his ſhin-bone ſhattered by grape ſhot, while a muſket ball went through his arm. He was aſſiſted to retire behind the Britiſh line; and, in doing this, was informed of the multiplied wounds that threatened the immediate diſſolution of his admired and beloved General. It was, under this weight of actual ſuffering, and ſympathetic ſorrow, ſome conſolation to the good old Serjeant, (for by this time he was ſeventy years of age,) that the tender which he made of his plaid, for the purpoſe of carrying the dying General to ſome convenient place off the field of action, was acepted. In Serjeant Macleod's plaid was General Wolfe borne by four grenadiers; and with General Wolfe's corpſe, being now an invalid, he was ſent home to Britain, in November, 1759, in a frigate of war, named the Royal William. Minute guns were fired from the ſhips at Spithead, from the time of the body's leaving the ſhip, to that of its being landed at the Point of Portſmouth. All due honour being paid to the remains of General Wolfe, by the garriſon here, the body was put in a travelling hearſe, and carried to London. Although there were many thouſands of people aſſembled on this occaſion, there was not the leaſt diſturbance. Nothing was to be heard but murmuring and broken accents, in praiſe of the departed hero. On the 20th of November, at night, his body was depoſited in the burying-place of his anceſtors at Greenwich. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory in Weſtminſter Abbey.

Donald Macleod was admitted, on the the 4th of December thereafter, an out-penſioner of Chelſea Hoſpital. This was all that was done for out hero, though his own merit, and the very occaſion and circumſtances in which he returned from America, might well have drawn more countenance and protection. His wounds, however, ſoon healed, and he was enabled, by a perfect recovery of his ſtrength, to go a recruiting to the Highlands, for Colonel Keith and Colonel Campbell, who raiſed ſome companies of Highlanders for the war in Germany. It was in that recruiting excurſion that he married, at Inverneſs, Mrs. Jane Macvane, his preſent wife, who accompanied him to the Continent, where, with the rank and emoluments of a pay-maſter Serjeant, he ſerved as a Volunteer under Colonel Campbell, until there was a ceſſation of arms. In the courſe of different engagements, in 1760 and 1761, he received a muſket ſhot which went in an oblique manner between two of his ribs and his right ſhoulder. This wound, in cold and froſty weather, and after violent exercile, ſuch as walking againſt time for wagers, ſtill gives him a good deal of pain. He received alſo, in the ſame compaigns, a muſket ball in the groin, which could not be extracted, and on account of which he ſtill wears a bandage. After the peace he came home with Colonel Campbell's Highlanders, and received pay for two or three years from Chelſea Hoſpital. He went now to Scotland, and ſtaid about two years and an half at Inverneſs, working at his own trade. The conſtant uſe of the meil, however, was more than he was able to bear, and threatened to reopen ſome of his wounds; he, therefore, came again to England, laid out what money he had ſaved in the purchaſe of a ſmall houſe in Chelſea, in which he lived for about ten years with his family, which was every year increaſing, and was employed under Mr. Tibbs, in an extenſive manufacture of white lead; but, on the commencement of the late war in America, leaving his wife and children, with the houſe and what little money he had, he went out in a tranſport called the Ducheſs of Hamilton, to New-York, and from thence to Charleſtown, where he offered himſelf as a volunteer, to the Commander of the Britiſh forces in that quarter, Sir Henry Clinton, whom he had known in Germany. Sir Henry, ſtruck with the ſpirit of the old man, let him remain with the army, under the name which he himſelf choſe of a drill-ſerjeant, and very humanely

allowed him, out of his own pocket, half a guinea a day. But when the army began to move northward, that he might be exempted from the fatigues of war, he ſent him home; according to Mr. Macleod's beſt recollection, in the New Gallant frigate, which carried home diſpatches from his Excellency to Government.

He came to a reſolution now, ſince he found that he had no farther proſpect of being employed to his mind in the army, of retiring, with what little wealth he had, to the Highlands, where he might live cheap, and, when he ſhould die, where his bones might reſt with thoſe of his kindred and anceſtors. He ſold his houſe in Chelſea for about two hundred pounds, to which he added ſome ſmaller ſums that he had depoſited from time to time, in the hands of Mr. Alexander Macdonald, a clerk in the King's office, Chelſea, and who there kept a Public Houſe at the ſign of the Serjeant and Crown. As his wife was very much afraid of the ſea, he left her, with the little ones, to purſue their journey home to Inverneſs by land, while he himſelf, with the chief part of the money, and ſeveral large trunks full of arms, clothes, and other ſtuff, on which he ſet a great value, was to make for the ſame place by ſea. The ſhip in which he embarked was the Margaret and Peggy of Aberdeen; the Maſter's name Captain Davidſon. Off the coaſt of Yorkſhire a tempeſt aroſe, which drove the ſhip on the rocks, and ſunk her to the bottom. Macleod alone, of the paſſengers, ſaved his life by laſhing himſelf to a plank when the ſhip was ſinking. He was taken up almoſt dead, between Whitby and Scarborough, and carried to the houſe of a gentleman, originally from Airſhire, whoſe people had come to look after the wreck. By that gentleman, as well as by his lady, he was treated with the utmoſt humanity. He aſked him, after he came to his ſenſes, if he knew where he was? Mr. Macleod replied, that all he knew at that moment was, that he was under the roof of ſome good people, who had taken compaſſion on his misfortune; but that, if it ſhould pleaſe God to recover him perfectly, he would be able to tell where he was, when he ſhould be taken out into the open air. Mr. Boyd, in the kindeſt manner, adviſed him to compoſe himſelf for reſt, and, in the mean time, gave it in charge to his ſervants to wait upon the ſtranger, and to adminiſter all proper refreſhment and neceſſary aſſiſtance. For three or four days he was kindly detained by Mr. Boyd, who knew many officers known to Mr. Macleod, and who had himſelf a brother, Major Boyd, in the army. As Macleod's clothes were wet and torn by the rocks, he fitted him as well as he could, with a ſuit from his own wardrobe, two ſhirts, and a ſilk handkerchief for keeping his neck warm; and though he had a gold watch in his pocket, as well as a ring of ſome little value on his hand, Mr. Boyd inſiſted on his acceptance of two guineas. Nor did his generous goodneſs ſtop here; he offered his carriage to take the old Serjeant to Durham, from whence he might find convenient means of travelling to Newcaſtle and Edinburgh, in both of which places he had ſeveral acquaintance. That favour, however, Macleod poſitively and reſolutely declined to accept; and, after the warmeſt acknowledgements of gratitude to the honourable family, took his leave.—Still the generous cares of Mr. Boyd purſued him. He ſent his chariot after him on the road, with orders to the coachman, to paſs himſelf for the driver of a retour chaiſe going that way by accident. The coachman did ſo, and after walking about a mile or two before Macleod, and converſing with him, offered him "a lift," which he accepted. He was made acquainted with the generous deception at the inn at Durham.

Donald Macleod, after all his toils, ſufferings, and gains, found himſelf at laſt ſet down at Inverneſs, not much richer than when he ſerved as an apprentice to the maſons and ſtone-cutters; except, indeed, we account as riches, a very faithful and attached wife, and a plentiful ſtock of flouriſhing children, ſuper-added, in his old age, to a pretty numerous off-ſpring procreated in his younger years. As his memory is now conſiderably impaired, he does not pretend to make an exact enumeration of the whole of his off-ſpring; but he knows of ſixteen ſons, the eldeſt of whom is turned of eighty, and the youngeſt of nine; beſides daughters; of whom, the eldeſt, by the preſent wife, is a mantua-ma-

ker, in pretty good buſineſs, in Newcaſtle. Perhaps this intimation may have the good effect that is certainly intended. Of the ſixteen ſons, that he knows of, not a leſs number than twelve are in different ſtations in the army and navy; and, of courſe, in ſome ſhape or other, in the military ſervice of his country. He lived from 1780 to 1789 in Inverneſs and the neighbourhood; where, old as he was, he did a little buſineſs in his own profeſſion of maſonry. But ſome neglect or delay having happened in the payment of his penſion, he ſet out on foot, accompanied by his wife, in the ſummer of 1789; and arrived in London in the beginning of Auguſt. He laid his ſituation before Colonel Small, a gentleman of unbounded philanthropy, univerſally reſpected and beloved, and under whom he had ſerved for many years in Ireland and America. The Colonel treated him, with the utmoſt kindneſs, entertaining him hoſpitably at his houſe, and allowing him a ſhilling a-day while he remained in London, out of his own pocket. By his advice a memorial and petition, ſetting forth the merits and ſufferings of Serjeant Macleod, was drawn up; and, with the countenance and aid of the Colonel, and other officers, he was favoured with an opportunity of preſenting it to the King. The very firſt day that his Majeſty came to St. James's, after his indiſpoſition, Macleod, admitted to the ſtair-caſe leading to the drawing room, preſented his petition, which his Majeſty graciouſly accepted, and looked over as he walked up ſtairs. At the head of the ſtairs the King called him. The old Serjeant was going to fall on his bended knee, but his humane Sovereign reſpecting his age, would not ſuffer him to kneel, but laid his hand upon the old man's breaſt; and, making him ſtand upright, expreſſed his ſurpriize and joy at ſeeing the oldeſt ſoldier in his ſervice, in the enjoyment of ſo great a ſhare of health and ſtrength. The ſentiments that filled his own royal breaſt, he eagerly expreſſed to the different noblemen and gentlemen that were near him. He gave it in charge to a gentleman preſent, Mr. Macleod thinks Mr. Dundas, to take care that the prayer of his petition ſhould be granted, which was modeſt enough, being no other than that he might have what is called the King's Letter, that is, being put on the charitable liſt, or a liſt of perſons recommended by his Majeſty for a ſhilling a-day for life, on account of extraordinary ſervices, or ſufferings. On that liſt Lord Howard, the Governor of Cheiſea Hoſpital, immediately put the name of Serjeant Donald Macleod: and this circumſtance, with ten or eleven guineas received out of his Majeſty's hand, together with many expreſſions of kindneſs, agreeably to what has been accurately enough ſtated in different newſpapers, ſent home the old Serjeant and his Lady, with their ſmall annual penſion, as happy as princes.—But ſee again the crooks of one's lot, the labyrinths of life! Though Macleod's name was inſerted in the King's Liſt, he was to wait for the actual receipt of a ſhilling a-day until there ſhould be a vacancy, which has not yet happened.---Behold, therefore, Serjeant Macleod and Mrs. Macleod again in London, in September, 1790, after a journey performed on foot, from Inverneſs, upwards of five hundred miles, in the ſpace of three or four weeks, accompanied by their youngeſt ſon, a lively little lad, about nine years old, as above-mentioned. Though it does not appear that any neglect has been ſhewn to his Majeſty's orders reſpecting his old ſervant, yet it is difficult to perſuade the good old man, and ſtill more difficult to ſatisfy Mrs. Macleod, that if his Majeſty's courtiers had been as ſincerely intereſted in his welfare as his Majeſty himſelf, ſomething ſubſtantial might have been done for him before this day. And he is firmly perſuaded, that when his Majeſty, to whom he hopes to be again admitted, comes to underſtand how he has been treated, he will be very angry.

In the mean time, it is to be hoped, that he will draw a liberal ſupply from the publication of his picture, which may be had to be bound up with this ſketch of his life, or ſeparately, as the ſubſcriber pleaſes. Before that ſupply be wholly exhauſted, it is to be expected that he will be in the poſſeſſion of ſome regular proviſion from the generoſity, and, indeed, the juſtice of a country which, in his humble ſphere, he has ſerved with moſt diſtinguiſhed reputation. It is extremely afflicting to the reader to be informed, that inſtead of ſecurity and eaſe, this gallant veteran was lately attacked by a confederacy of aſſaſſins, and was in

the utmoſt danger, after braving death ſo often in the field of battle, of periſhing by the hands of thoſe miſcreants. On Saturday the 18th of December laſt, after leaving the ſtage-coach, from Uxbridge, where he had been on an invitation from that elegant hiſtorian of antiquity, Dr. Ruthford*, and walking a little way down Park-lane, he was ſet on by three footpads. He made all the reſiſtance that he was able, and, with a ſhort ſtick that he has carried about with him for near half a century, knocked down one of the villains, and drove a knife out of his hand, with which he aimed at ſtabbing him: but the other two came behind him and having brought him to the ground, robbed him of ſixteen ſhillings. His clothes were torn, and his body ſo much bruiſed in the ſcuffle, that he kept his bed from Saturday to Monday evening: nor is it certain that he would have eſcaped from the robbers with his life, if they had not been forced to retreat within the Park-wall, at the approach of a gentleman on horſeback, who, calling a coach, ſent Macleod home to his quarters, and a number of men in ſearch of the miſcreants; but to no purpoſe. It is to be regretted that, old as Donald Macleod is, he ſtill thinks it neceſſary to keep up the ſpirit, and to ſtrain after the activity and power of a younger ſoldier. It is not by caution and prudent ſubmiſſion that he ſeeks to eſcape; as it is not by means of the law that he wiſhes to revenge injuries. In every thing he ſhews the ſpirit and the ideas of a ſoldier and hero. A pleaſant-enough proof of this we have in the following Anecdote—A man, who is a good-enough engraver, and can alſo take off the outlines of a countenance, made an engraving of Macleod, which, as the expreſſion of the countenance, or phyſiognomy, was ſcarcely touched, and the dreſs and arms of the highlander were miſrepreſented, did not give entire ſatisfaction. Inſtructions were therefore given to make ſome improvements, and ſome corrections. But the wretch---after the old Serjeant had ſat to him as often as he pleaſed, ſhewed him where he had erred, and advanced five guineas in partial payment---the wretch, with whoſe infauſtous name Macleod (for he is not a little tinctured with ſuperſtition) begs that theſe Memoirs of his Life may not be defiled, attempted to publiſh the portrait, intended for the benefit of his aged and generous employer, on his own account†. This act of piracy, he apprehended, would excite the old Serjeant's reſentment, and ſubject him to the diſcipline of his cudgel: he therefore, although in both ſize and appearance he bears a great reſemblance to a middle-aged brawny porter or coachman, thought it neceſſary to ſkulk from Macleod, like a malefactor from the officers of juſtice; but our magnanimous old Soldier, in order to quiet the apprehenſions of the pirate, declares that he may live for him, till ſome hangman hang him, or a flea fell him!

Donald Macleod, in the prime of life, was five feet and ſeven inches in height. He is now inclined by age to five feet five inches. He has an intereſting phyſiognomy, expreſſive of ſincerity, ſenſibility, and manly courage, though his eyes have loſt their luſtre and become dim and languid. With regard to his mental qualities, that which is moſt impared is the faculty of memory, and of diſcriminating lively conceptions or ideas, from hiſtorical truths or realities.

* The Doctor, wiſhing to converſe with this *living* antiquity, choſe for inviting him, the time of the public examination of his flouriſhing academy, that he might gratify the young gentlemen with a ſight of him before the Chriſtmas vocation. He ſhewed, in the public ſchool, in the preſence of a moſt accompliſhed fencing-maſter, a fine ſpecimen of his ſkill in the uſe of the broad-ſword; and he was greatly delighted with the proficiency that ſeveral of the young gentlemen had made in the noble ſcience of defence. Their proficiency in other ſtudies was no leſs admirable; but fencing was the only exerciſe of which he pretended to be a judge. He ſaid, that Dr. Ruthford's academy would be a fine nurſery for noble recruits. The young gentlemen, as well as the Doctor's Lady and Family, behaved to Macleod in a moſt reſpectful and affectionate manner: worthy of the virtue of Sparta. He was treated at Uxbridge with great kindneſs.

† A ſtriking likeneſs of Macleod, drawn by Mr. Biggs, and engraved by Mr. Grozier, is ſold, for the benefit of the old Serjeant, by the publiſhers of theſe Memoirs. It is ſubmitted to the Polygraphic Society, whether they might not employ their curious art in a manner worthy of their liberality, in multiplying exact likeneſſes of this *living* antiquity, and circulating them, at an eaſy rate, through Britain, Europe, and the world.

What paſſed in the firſt fifty years of the preſent century, he remembers more diſtinctly than the occurrences of the laſt. In company, where the cuſtom of giving toaſts is kept up, it is the beauties of the laſt age that are commonly given by Mr. Macleod, though they have been in their graves for many years; a circumſtance which, in the vivacity of animated converſation, (for he has exceedingly high ſpirits,) he is very apt to overlook. His ſtanding toaſts are Her Majeſty Queen Anne; Sarah, Ducheſs of Malborough; and the Counteſs of Eglinto. I have noticed the proneneſs of the old Serjeant, in the preſent debilitated ſtate of his mind, to confound mere imiginations with realities. That a juſt diſtinction may be made between this weakneſs and deliberate deception, it really often happens, that when his mind is warmed by a lively deſcription of ſcenes, in which he could not have been preſent, he imagines that he had actually ſeen them paſſing before his eyes.

The queſtion is often put to Macleod, How do you live? to which he as often replies, "I eat when I am hungry, and drink when I am dry, and never "go to bed but when I can't help it." This laſt maxim requires a little illuſtration. He can never be perſuaded to go to bed till he falls aſleep. If he is taking a glaſs after ſupper, and a propoſition be made for the company to wiſh one another a good night, he will obſerve, "My eyes are not ſhut yet." It is only when he feels himſelf under a neceſſity of cloſing his eyes, that he is willing to go to reſt; and, what is not a little ludicrous, one of his eyes being much weaker, goes ſooner to reſt than the other. On the other hand, he never lies a-bed longer than he is faſt aſleep. The moment he awakes, up he ſprings, waſhes his face and hands, and goes ſome where or other; for he ſeems to have an averſion to reſt, and is conſtantly in motion. He is of a wandering diſpoſition, and never likes to ſtay long in one place: a very trifling motive, even at this day, would ſuffice to carry Donald Macleod to America, or to the Eaſt Indies.

Mr. Macleod talks, not unfrequently, on the ſubject of death, and in a religious ſtrain. But he ſpeaks oftner of the feats of his youth and manhood; and of men and women who have lived to great ages, ſeveral of whom he reckons in his own family. Alexander Macleod, Eſq. of Uliniſh, Sheriff of a Diſtrict of Inverneſs-ſhire, his uncle, is now in the 100th year of his age. It will be an almoſt unexampled inſtance of longevity ſhould the old man ſee the commencement of the next century, and there is reaſon to hope he may from his preſent good ſtate of health in the latter end of the year 1797.

FINIS.

*** *Juſt publiſhed, price 6d. Palmer and Skirving's Voyage to Botany Bay, and may be had where this pamphlet is ſold.*